

# REMEMBERING THEODORE H. FOCHT

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I wish to honor the life of Theodore H. Focht, a former lawyer, educator, and public servant who passed away on April 22, 2010, at the age of 75. I extend my deepest condolences to his wife of 53 years, Joyce, his sons, David and Eric, and his grandson Jason.

Over the course of more than four decades, starting with his graduation in 1959 from law school at the College of William and Mary, Theodore—or Ted, as he was more commonly known to his family and friends—enjoyed an illustrious legal career that took him from academia to the halls of Congress to senior leadership positions at the Securities Investor Protection Corporation, or SIPC. Throughout his career, Ted earned a well-deserved reputation as an extremely knowledgeable and experienced voice on matters related to securities law and as a dedicated and hardworking public servant.

Following a stint as a legal assistant at the Securities and Exchange Commission in the early 1960s, Ted became a faculty member at the University of Connecticut School of Law in my home State, where he taught classes on securities regulation, administrative law, and property law. In 1969, Ted took a leave of absence from his work at UCONN and moved to Washington, DC, to take on a temporary assignment as special counsel to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

When Ted took that position on Capitol Hill, the House Commerce Committee was in the middle of working to pass legislation that would provide critical new protections to U.S. investors from bankrupt and financially troubled brokerage firms. As the committee's special counsel on securities policy, Ted jumped right into the issue, playing an absolutely instrumental role in crafting the Securities Investor Protection Act. This legislation, which was signed into law by President Nixon, created the SIPC—a nonprofit entity that insures the assets of investors against brokerage firm failures—and with it, an important new layer of security and sense of confidence for Americans who wanted to invest in the stock market.

But Ted's work on investor protection issues did not end with the enactment of that landmark bill. Following its creation, Ted became the SIPC's president and general counsel, where he successfully shepherded the corporation through its first two decades of existence. Between 1971, when he took the helm at the SIPC, until 1994, when he retired from the corporation, Ted became inextricably linked to the organization's work and mission. Indeed, I believe that Ted's work with SIPC, both in helping to build the organization as a young congressional staffer and run it after establishment, are among the most striking aspects of his impressive professional legacy.

And so I would like to take this opportunity today to thank Ted for his years of dedication to the law—whether as a professor helping to shape the minds of young law students at UCONN, or as a senior executive at the SIPC working to build a safer environment for Americans to invest.

And I once again extend my most heartfelt condolences to all of the people who knew and loved him.●

# REMEMBERING SERGEANT ORVILLE SMITH

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I honor the life of a true American hero. Police SGT Orville Smith, a 39-year veteran of the Shelton, CT, Police Department, died July 7, 2010, of injuries he sustained while in the line of duty. I express my deepest condolences to his family, colleagues on the Shelton Police Force, and the entire community of Shelton for this tragic loss.

It goes without saying that American law enforcement officers such as Sergeant Smith are a very rare and special breed. Every day, police officers around the country go to work with a singular objective—to selflessly protect the communities and the people that they know and love. It is an incredibly rewarding career, but one fraught with potential dangers and sacrifices. And unfortunately, men and women in law enforcement are all too often forced to make the ultimate sacrifice, giving their own lives in defense of their fellow citizens.

That is exactly what Orville Smith, the first Shelton police officer to be killed in the line of duty since 1964, did. Late in the evening on July 3, while directing traffic outside of a local fireworks event commemorating the July 4 holiday, Sergeant Smith was struck by a drunk driver. He passed away 4 days later, leaving behind a loving wife, two children, four grandchildren, and a legion of fellow police officers who, during his nearly four decades of service on the force, came to know Sergeant Smith for his fearlessness and unflinching dedication to his job.

Indeed, to say that Sergeant Orville Smith was committed to public service and helping his fellow citizens regardless of the personal sacrifice required is, in my view, a bit of an understatement. From his service as a U.S. marine in the Vietnam war to his work as a volunteer firefighter, Sergeant Smith made protecting and defending his community and countrymen his life's mission.

While he planned to retire from the force next year, his heart truly belonged to the Shelton Police Department. It is therefore fitting that Shelton Police Chief Joel Hurliman called him “one of the bravest guys I ever met” and went on to say, “He wasn't scared of anything, except retirement.”

It was that kind of professional dedication and unwavering commitment to public service that made Sergeant

Smith not only an exemplary police officer but a wonderful human being. He spent his entire life devoted to helping others and relished every minute of it. Several weeks ago, on the eve of Independence Day, he died that way, too—loyally and courageously fulfilling his duty to “protect and serve” until the very end.

I express my deepest gratitude to Sergeant—Smith or “Smitty”, as he was more commonly known by his friends at the Shelton Police Department—for his tremendous record of service to the people of my State and the Nation. I once again extend my most heartfelt condolences to all those who knew and loved him. While the death of a loved one is never easy to accept, it is my hope that the fact that Sergeant Smith died doing what he loved will bring them some measure of comfort during the months and years ahead.●

# REMEMBERING LIEUTENANT STEVEN VELASQUEZ

• Mr. DODD. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that I pay tribute to LT Steven Velasquez, who sadly lost his life on July 24, 2010.

We have all felt our chests tighten and our pulses quicken with anxiety at the sound of a fire engine screaming through town. For most of us, this signals two important things: There is an emergency somewhere nearby, and—more importantly—that help is on the way.

Of course, for the people riding on those rigs, all the commotion is just another day at the office. They are focused solely on the task at hand.

When the unthinkable happens—a devastating hurricane, industrial accident, terrorist attack, or three-alarm fire—these brave men and women are the first on the scene and the last to leave. In between, they give all they have to make sure the emergency is contained and our communities are safe.

They do this every day of the week, every week of the year. Being a firefighter certainly isn't a job for the faint of heart. In fact, it is not so much a job as it is a calling.

At least it was for Steven Velasquez. His 20-year career took him from a position with the Fire Department of Prince Georges County, MD, to the rank of Lieutenant in the Bridgeport Fire Department in my home State of Connecticut.

Along the way, he built a reputation as a tremendously dedicated team member and as someone whose discipline and bravery made him a leader. This reputation, and the urging of many of his colleagues, helped secure him a place on the department's elite Rescue Squad—despite the fact that there were others in line for the prestigious assignment before him.

In his 16 years in Bridgeport, Velasquez never took a sick day. He was committed to his family, his community, and to his fellow firefighters.